

Waiting for it

I was awoken... by the rooster crowing.
There was light on the eastern skyline.
I'd seen some hard days shrouded in darkness
I hoped for hot purifying sunshine

When the sun rose up
When the sun rose up
When the sun rose up again/anew/once more 'twas heavensent
Wondering 'bout the day
Wondering 'bout the day
Wondering what the new day meant

I had reasons... a long winter season...
Froze up and forgot what came before.
Springtime finally threatening to promise
Left a funny foreign feeling in my core.

Down on Bristol Bay
Down on Bristol Bay
Wondering where the good times went
Waiting for the day
waiting for the day
waiting for the day new meant

My heart and my brain... began to regain
A bit of feeling with the friendlier weather.
And the question kept bubbling up in my mind –
How my scattered loose ends might come together.

Waiting for the warmth
And the calm after the storms...
For the heaven after the hubbub and hoo-ha
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

Waiting for the thaw
Waiting for the thaw
For the peace of the event'l rapprochement
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

At the end of the day
With the costumes put away
When all the beads have finally gone after Mardi Gras
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the nuns all leave the cloister
When the world is my oyster
When I'm not mortified by my life full of faux pas
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the time comes to die
And I lie staring at the sky
In my soul I'll find some final Shangri La
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the sources are pure
And my words come out sure
And I've cleansed my speech of all that la-di-da
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When I've forgotten my fair Lady
All things Nevada have grown shady...
Memories of Vegas... and Reno... and Tonopah.
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

gone are the crowds and the market stalls
and it's quiet in the square, inside the city walls
footsteps echo loud down the old stone halls
 in my favourite ghost town
i've been quietly singing those hymns of praise
as i glide down the cobblestone alleyways
making grandiose plans for the next sunny days
 waiting for the sun to come around

 the planets keep moving
 stars keep shooting
 dreams aren't always what they seem
 and now winter's come calling
 the snow is wet underfoot
 in search of the moravian dream

the backroads are fading behind me now
crowded with emptiness, filled up with clouds
where there've been so many faces, and carnival sounds
 but everything keeps moving on
toward the morning's endless beginnings
based on all of the backroads and past underpinnings
blossoming promise with each new moment thinning
 back home when the twilight has gone

 worldwide forecasts on the tv
 look out my window
 tomorrow is nowhere in sight
 it's snowing on raton
 it's raining in madrid
 and it's dark on this moravian night

in the trenches in the season of perpetual night
expending (all of) our best just to make our own light
with the shades and the shadows teasing our sight
 and sparks in the depths of the mind
in the trains on the journeys we've already done
on the way but still weighing just what we've begun
waiting for blue skies in the warmth of the sun
 and the thoughts that we sleep just to find

 falling off to sleep
 in a world full of dreams
 faroff indiana sun is going down
 tonight it's snowing in cleveland
 it's raining in baltimore
 and it's cold in this moravian town

5. ANGEL CONTRAILS

*clouds on the horizon still catch the light
of any sun already set but not yet (before it's) night*

so many milestones
just one birth
so many people
just one earth
so many rivers
to find the mouth of
so many borders
to get south of

like Ártándi Határátkelöhely
another line in the sand passes by
another late winter evening
daylight receding
so many pathways beneath
one sheltering sky
with all her ... angel contrails
still aglow
though the western sun set
long ago

stolen moments
aren't built to last
so many futures
just one past
so many stories
to trace back to the start of
so many truths
to get down to the heart of

like the girl who was gone in the morning
another line in the song passes by
memories of how it felt
to be there (in the bible/corn belt)
it wasn't long ago that she
lit up the sky
with all her ... angel contrails
still aglow
though that fiery sun set
long ago

ADAM, IT'S STILL RAINING

ain't no shakespeare
but the drivel won't stop

ain't no hard rain, but the drizzle won't stop
shadows dance down off the dusky mountaintops
all the days of waiting
for the sun to finally come
all the ways the wild waters run

run

ain't no heart(br)ache, just the blood cooling down
echoes fading like... noises as the train leaves town
all the nights of praying
for the right star to fall
for the chance to hear the wild call

voices from some faraway town

call

angelina, it's been a long ride
all the miles from montana across the great divide
he sang that song for you
and there was no one by my side
all the ways the heavens open wide

wide

oh, let the melody come
before the story
let the melody run
let the rain fall down
let the rain fall down

ain't no harlequin mutt off the street
dial tones and dialectics to keep the world nice and neat
heart full of darkness
tongue full of light
all the ways/songs2sing to pass a rainy night

make the world feel complete

all night

ain't no harpstrings, just a tired old guitar
playing songs about the rain i seen falling near and far
all the songs of waiting
for when the sun finally comes
all the people singing

here comes the sun

ain't no hard rain, but the drizzle won't stop

fawm 2019 – fireball & the isolated incidents

3. irony and wine

we stayed up

half the night

and a whole

box of wine

in a room

full of stories

full force

island time

with the tide coming in and the cows coming home

with our feet in the stars and our heads on the ground

on the last night / before / we sailed off / to athens

drinking it in and washing it down

there were stars

in our eyes

and a hum (*start the hum*)

in the air

the clocks

ran in circles

no need for

savoir faire

with the wind blowing cold and the wolves at the door

aliens in warehouses ceiling to floor

time spilling past us, time out of mind

half the night and whole box of wine

oo

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo howls at the moon

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo this heavenly tune

songs spilling past us, no reason nor rhyme

half the night and a whole box of wine

fawm 2019 – fireball & the isolated incidents

6. fake songs from movies

so far ago, it was like another lifetime

so long away, and i haven't been back since

there were tears and there were laughs

now there's dusty photographs

the indelible there and thens

i remember the music that was playing

as we drove through the hills covered in snow –

that feeling on the edge of forever

and that song on the car stereo

now when i hear it, it all comes back rushing through my head,

but i can't quite remember the best words we said.

i try to find the meaning when the last notes get played...

but songs are just sounds somebody made...

singing fake songs from movies, theme songs from TV shows

johnny suede, llewyn davis, dewey cox, and tucker crowe

buster scruggs, burr settles, eric distad, johnny suede

songs are just sounds somebody made

what's a song, but a soundtrack to a story?

sometimes a movie is a story you can feel.

sometimes an actor plays a fictional rock and roll singer

and the music doesn't get any more real.

i remember mexican funeral

i remember clifford poncier

everybody walking round wearing PJ hats

from portland to vegas to LA

now when i hear them on some rerun or benign youtube clip

i remember all those nights down along the sunset strip

try to pick apart the fiction from the deep-seeded truth

but that distinction kinda faded with my youth

singing fake songs from movies, theme songs from TV shows

johnny suede, llewyn davis, buster scruggs, and tucker crowe

johnny suede, buster scruggs, dewey cox, and tucker crowe

fake songs from movies...

theme songs from TV shows.

fawm 2019 – fireball & the isolated incidents

9. making friends with ami

long dark hair – tight black pants – february girl

evan's tour's a-coming to this corner of the world

she's singing with her headphones on, i recognize the song

it's like i've just been waiting here for her to come along

ami walking down my street the same time every day

gotta find out where she's going – think i'm going that same way

making lots of dreamy plans since her morning strolls began

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

long dark nights – appetites – waiting for the sun

the light breaks through, the sky is blue but it brightens everyone

the songs start full blooming as the winter warms to spring

it's like the world's been waiting for me to come along and sing

ami on the playground, swinging to and fro

gotta find out what she's thinking – think she'll tell me where to go

head spinning like a merry go round, ears filled up with angel sounds

i'll be making friends with ami – watch those flowers grow

i'll be making friends with ami, if she'll let me through the door

so much i would say to her, never spoke to her before

never noticed gitten bitten now i'm smitten to the core

and i'll be making friends with ami... if she'll let me through the door

long ago – i thought i lost these colours in the sky

never knew i missed them till the first time she walked by

she is lit up like that perfect sunrise i never got to see

it's like the sun's been waiting (here) to shine this way for me

ami walking down my street the same time every day

gotta find out where she's going – think i'm going that same way

making lots of dreamy plans since her morning strolls began

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

ami walking down my street the same time every day

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

ami walking down my street the same time every day

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

ami walking down my street

ami wearing her headphones

i'll start making it happen, a mi.

*Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!*

NORM(AN) ROCKWELL

how many ages hence will there still be cobain shirts
in unknown corners of the world on unborn punky squirts?
what will survive to parade tomorrow's streets?
how many glorious epic songs can we milk out of the teats?

d'ya hafta shake (shake) the world (world) so hard?

d'ya hafta reeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeach so faaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar?

whyyyyyy d'ya hafta shiiiiiiiiine such a briiiiiiiiiight little star?

d'ya hafta shake (shake) the world (world) so hard?

how many _____ hands will paint the final masterpiece
as testimony to the badlands of cobain and cochise?
will it alter forever the scattering of the light?
how many glorious epic songs do we need to get us through the night?

d'ya hafta rock (shake/rock) the world (world) so well?

d'ya hafta caaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaast that speeeeeeeeeeeelllllllllll?

hooooooooowww have ya fouuuuuund such a pooooooooower tale to tell?

d'ya hafta rock (shake/rock) the world (world) so well?

verse structure – lead and response

solo – electric banjolele and vocal

how many sweet amends will it take to wash this down?
how many hatchets buried? how far underground?
how long till the ghosts of the past have been drowned
in the roar of the crowd and the endless unbound?

d'ya hafta break (break) the world (my heart) so clean?

if you only kneeeeeewwwww what i've seeeeeeeeeeeeen ...

it's trueeeeeee there is toooooooooooooo much beauuuuuuuuuuty between ...

d'ya hafta break (break) the world (my heart) so clean?

JIM

vlm intro

used up the las vegas lightning
moved miles and miles away
outta sight outta mind
so many years behind me
but it comes flooding back when i get a record heat day
and it comes flooding back when i hear the songs play

i hear jim singing songs
only a true lover can
christine renee valerie diane
the 80s have grown hazy
but the song remains the same
i hear jim singing songs
and the chorus *and the chorus and the chorus*
... is her name

we were far from the strip and the casinos
but i was thinking of placing the big bet
and on the radio day and night
till i had to go and buy it
maybe the last thing i bought on cassette

kept hearing jim singing songs
only a true romantic can
christine renee valerie diane
the past has grown hazy
but the song remains the same
i hear jim singing those songs
and the chorus *and the chorus and the chorus*
... is her name

the refrain is the name
of a long gone vegas flame
and jim sang the soundtrack *sang the soundtrack sang the soundtrack*
and the song remains the same

and the time has smoothed out the edges
and the dust has grown deep on the shelf
the lives that we live
the songs that we give
still singing someone else's songs myself

singing jim's classic songs
like a true hardened fan
christine renee valerie diane
these days are old and lazy
but the past remains the same
singing jim's classic songs
and the chorus *and the chorus and the chorus*
... is her name

christine renee valerie diane
diane diane diane diane diane

NORM MACLEAN

i was lookin down ... at dirty ground

recalling just how good we sang the blues

but time erodes ... the sweetest sound

can't keep it all from stickin to my shoes

things were lookin up ... 'swhat we told ourselves

bound and determined to pull the weight

but he has tales ... he never tells

who were we to set those stories straight?

on the co – old streets ... of chica – ah – go

my mind wanders ... should know better, but even so...

let men be men ... and the waters flow ...

far from the co – old streets ... of chica – ah – go

chronicles from the end of the road

johnny tristan davidson ... a portmanteau man

at the headwaters ... by the great divide

perfect for a moment – balanced on the sand

suspended between the water and the sky

i read the news *today oh boy*... so long ago

and that headline buried deep into my soul

read the book ... watched the tv show

he was beautiful and that's all we need to know

on the co – old streets ... of chica – ah – go

my body wanders ... DOWN HERE BELOW...

men will be men ... while the rivers flow ...

far from the co – old streets ... of chica – ah – go

minstrelsy from the end of the road

new ride

**the daily commute
there and back again
has been worn out routine
since i don't know when
but this is not the train
i take every day
though it does feel familiar
in a similar way
the colors are more vivid
with every new ride
the church in štěpanov
adriana on the side
i first came this way
twenty-five years ago
through occasional revisits
i've gotten to know
the factories of mohelnice
the fields of červenka
hecl's hometown – postřelmov
and the mighty morava
something in the railway lines
and the timelessness of trains
dilapidated stations
and the wiring in my brain
and the stitching in the tapestry
draped over everything
bringing it all back home
in the final reckoning
i can't shake the feeling
haven't really tried
the colours are more vivid
with every new ride**

Northwest Passage chords

by [Stan Rogers](#)

A version of this song that more closely follows the version Stan sings as opposed to Nathans acoustic version.

 G D
Ah, for just one time,
 C Em
I would take the Northwest Passage
 C G
To find the hand of Franklin,
 Am C
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea.
 G D
Tracing one warm line,
 C Em
Through a land so wide and savage, and
C G D G
Make a Northwest Passage, to the sea.

C G
Westward from the Davis Strait,
 D Em
'Tis there was said to lie,
 C G
The sea route to the Orient,
 Am C
For which so many died,
C G
Seeking gold and glory,
 D Em
Leaving weathered broken bones, and
C G D Em
A long forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

 G D
Ah, for just one time,
 C Em
I would take the Northwest Passage
 C G
To find the hand of Franklin,
 Am C
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea.
 G D
Tracing one warm line,
 C Em
Through a land so wide and savage, and
C G D G
Make a Northwest Passage, to the sea.

 C G
Three centuries there - after,
 D Em
I take passage over land,
 C G
In the footsteps of brave Kelso,
 Am C
Where his "sea of flowers" be-gan.
 C G
Watching cities rise before me,
 D Em
Then be - hind me sink a -gain,
 C G
This tardiest ex - plorer,
 D Em
Driving hard, a - cross the plains.

 G D
Ah, for just one time,
 C Em
I would take the Northwest Passage
 C G
To find the hand of Franklin,
 Am C
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea.
 G D
Tracing one warm line,
 C Em
Through a land so wide and savage, and
C G D G
Make a Northwest Passage, to the sea.

C G
And through the night be - hind the wheel,
 D Em
The / mileage clicking west,
 C G
I think upon Mac - kenzie,
 Am C
David Thompson, and the rest,
 C G
Who cracked the mountain ramparts, and
 D Em
Did show a path for me,
 C G D G
To race the roaring / Fraser, to the sea.

 G D
Ah, for just one time,
 C Em
I would take the Northwest Passage
 C G
To find the hand of Franklin,
 Am C
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea.
 G D
Tracing one warm line,
 C Em
Through a land so wide and savage, and
C G D G
Make a Northwest Passage, to the sea.

 C G
How then am I so different,
 D Em
From the first men through this way,
 C G
Like them, I left a settled life,
 Am C
I threw it all a - way,
 C G
To seek a Northwest Passage,
 D Em
At the call of many men,
 C G D Em
To find there, but the road back home a - gain.

 G D
Ah, for just one time,
 C Em
I would take the Northwest Passage
 C G
To find the hand of Franklin,
 Am C
Reaching for the Beaufort Sea.
 G D
Tracing one warm line,
 C Em
Through a land so wide and savage, and
C G D G
Make a Northwest Passage, to the sea.

Sprůbuj chociaż: raz north-westowe przejście zdobyć, | G C G F a
Znajdź miejsca gdzie zimował Franklin u Beauforta Wrót, | F C d F
Wykuj własny szlak przez kraj dziki i surowy, | G C G F a
Przejdź drogą Północ-Zachód poza lód. | F C G C

1. Brně przez kry na zachód od Davisa zimnych wrót, | a F C G
Szlakiem tych, którzych bogactwa wiodły na Daleki Wschód. | a F C G C
Sławę zdobyć chcieli, został po nich tylko proch, | a F C a
Białe kości popłynęły gdzieś na dno. | F C G a

2. Trzy wieki przemleły, na wyprawę ruszam znów
Śladami dzielnych chłopców, co walczyli z furją mórz.
Miasa z lodu vyrastają, by rozplynąć za mną się,
Jak odkrywcom dawnym wskażą nowy brzeg.

3. Mile włoką się bez końca, całą noc pcham się na West.
Tu McKenzie, David Thompson, cała reszta z nimi też,
Wytyczali dla mnie drogę wśród iskrzących lodem gór.
W mroźnych wiatrach głos ich slyszę, jak ze snu.

4. I czymize ja się różnie od pionierów szlaków tych?
Tak, jak oni, porzucilem życie pośród bliskich mi,
By znów odkryć North-West Passage, dla tak wielu koniec snów,
Ale marzę, bym do domu wrócić mógł.

Snažte se jednou dostat Severozápadní průsmyk, | G C G F a
Najděte místa, kde Franklin hibernál na Beauforta Wrót, F C d F
Pravidelně svou vlastní cestou přes divokou a drsnou zemi, G C G F a
Jděte na severozápad za ledem. | F C G C

1. Procházka ledovými plány západně od studené brány Davis, | a F C G
Cesta těch, jejichž bohatství vedlo na Dálný východ. | a F C G C
Chtěli získat slávu, jen jim byl ponechán přášek, | a F C a
Bílé kosti táhly někde dolů. | F C G a

2. Už uplynulo tři století, jsem na cestě znovu
Ve stopách odvážných chlapců, kteří bojovali s hněvem moří.
Za mnou se roztaví města,
Jak starí průzkumníci ukážou nový břeh.

3. Miles se táhne nekonečně, celou noc celou západ.
Tady, McKenzie, David Thompson, všichni ostatní s nimi,
Projížděli mi cestu mezi šumivé hory.
V chladném větru slyším jejich hlas jako ze snu.

4. A jak se liší od průkopníků těchto tras?
Ano, jako oni, vzdali se mého života mezi mými příbuznými,
Chcete-li znovu objevit severozápadní průchod pro tolik snů,
Ale sen, že mohu jít domů.